Unwritten Agreements

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Unwritten Agreements

by MonsieurMadeleine

Summary

In an alternate universe where Omega's are rare and only the richest Alpha's can afford them as their slaves, Omega's are treated much like pets; some are adored by their Master while others suffer terrible abuse, sometimes even resulting in death. And unfortunately, Will's Master, the cruel yet wealthy Mason Verger, is an owner of the second category. Will gets abused in the most horrible ways, and there's nothing he can do about it.
When Mason dies, Will is all too happy about it. But when Will sees who his next Master will be, he realizes his suffering won't be over. And the worst is that he doesn't know if he is truly unhappy with the situation. Fear engulfs him, almost like the fear he felt when he was captured, robbed away from his mother's loving arms.

A New Owner

Get up, you fucking moron!' Mason snarled at the young Omega. 'And thank me for fucking worthless Omega scum like you.'

No response.

'Thank me for fucking worthless Omega scum like you', Mason repeated, his face poorly masking his frustration over the boy's defiance dangerously close to Will's, his hand grabbing the younger man's chin.

No response, just a icy cool gaze from those unmoving eyes.

'God damn it!' the Alpha scolded as he slapped his slave in the face. 'I told you to do something for me. Is that so hard, stupid idiot?'

'Th-Thank you Master, for fucking worthless Omega scum like me.' Will finally managed to force the words across his lips.

As reward, Mason threw the boy onto the floor after which he simply walked out. He didn't even bother to free Will of the cuffs holding his legs apart and the ropes holding his wrists together. Will didn't seem to care however; he had been treated like this since he was seven. Well, not exactly like this. Mason had started fucking him a few years ago, when he was barely thirteen. As the older man forced his entire length inside the boy's anus, he would cry out in unbearable pain. He would try to reach out behind him, touch the blood his tearing backside wept, only to have his hand slapped away.

The thought brought him back to the day he was taken by Mason's men. He had been seven and he was playing outside. His mother had warned him every single day that the Alphas might come, but he had written it off as just another creepy story. But that day he was in for a 'pleasant' surprise: the Alphas came to take him away, so he could be bred. If he closed his eyes, he could hear his mother - she too had suffered the fate of Omegas - scream, cry and beg for the men to leave her son or to take her with them. He could see her, held back by two of the men while the other two busied themselves trying to get Will into the car. He could remember her soft scent, her loving eyes, her lips that were always curled up in a loving smile, and of course her hair, her beautiful brown curls dancing in the wind as she tried to get to her son. The only time she hadn't smiled.

This was the horrific fate his mother had always warned him about; being a sex slave for the wealthy - most of them cruel Alphas. She had told him many stories about Omega's being captured and enslaved, and when the Omega was to survive it's first Master, the next would buy him or in the worst case scenarios, abduct him. and the second unfamiliar faces would start to show up, Will knew his time had come to face the music. And yet he had tried to pull himself loose, and yet he had tried to push the men off.

If only his wrists had been bound on the front side, and not trapped under his bodily weight; he could have been able to loosen the ropes around his wrists. But even if he had managed,

he would be able to get up. The cuffs around his ankles were only unlockable with a key, a key he didn't have.

From the living room, Mason's frustrated shouting could be heard. As always, he would call out for his Omega whore, already forgetting that the young man lay tied up in the bedroom he had just left. Well, it wasn't exactly a 'bedroom'. At most a room to rest, if even that. There was no proper furniture in it, its place being taken by a cage, a fucking machine, a closet filled with sex toys and of course a mat for Will to sleep on.

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Much time had passed since he had been left on the floor to rot, and finally Mason came back to free the young Omega from his bonds, only to command him to make dinner. Everything in him told him - commanded him not to, and yet Will declined the 'offer' politely.

'Who the fuck do you think you are?' Mason barked at him, a fine layer of spit covering Will's face as the other man spoke. Both of their chests heaved in deep breaths, one to compose his fear, the other to compose his anger. 'Do you think you're in the position to decline my orders? Perhaps you see yourself as my Master, don't you? I knew getting you was a bad idea the moment I first saw you. Fuck... Fuck!'

'You could've let me go, save the both of us a lot of trouble. But you didn't, and now it's too late for either of us to turn back.'

The second the last syllable left Will's lips, a swift kick was delivered in his guts. As he fell to his knees, he could hear the scolding Mason lashed out at him. In his pain, the words seemed hollow, lacking of meaning. Nausea came up as he swallowed down a bit of bile. And yet he didn't apologize, refusing to give in to this man's expectations, nor was he going to beg for mercy.

Again Mason walked out the bedroom, leaving Will alone. A sigh escaped the abandoned man's lips. He didn't know what to do, nor what Mason was going to do. In all honesty, he didn't know anything with absolute certainty anymore. The safety had had vanished ten years ago, along with his childhood, or so he realized now. It was a realization that hurt, or so he decided now.

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The sun had finally begun to set on the warm summer evening. Will rested on the bare mat as he listened to the soft snoring coming from his Master's room. Tomorrow it would be exactly ten years ago that Mason's men had robbed him away from his home, from every bit of security a young Omega could have. Apart from the pain, he felt something else; wonder. In some ways he had changed drastically, in others he hadn't changed at all. In the meantime - for example - he had learnt not to cry or beg when Mason would lash out at him. On the other side he had always knew how to be sassy at times.

In silence. the time passed away, and yet sleep wouldn't come. It had always been at this date that memories would haunt his mind. He would think of times past, regret every single mistake he had made back then. Something in him would swear he would do anything just to

live one more day of carelessness, perhaps even pure happiness, to even lay off the fear of the Alphas for one day.

Speaking of special dates, in about two weeks, his birthday would come; 19th of June, but unlike Mason's birthday, it would go by uncared for, like it always had. Alphas would have extravagant parties at their luxurious estates, like Mason had just done on the 20th of May. Will had been dressed up nicely in a tuxedo - this day was different and more important than any other day in the year - which he had liked, but he had been running around all the time to serve Mason's inpatient and at some point drunk guests, along with the other slaves. Slaves with which he had no contact, apart from the birthdays of the two Verger heirs, Mason and his sister Margot (who Will liked much better than her tyrannical brother and of who he had the idea that she didn't really Mason either).

Through the curtains, the young man could see the moon and the clouds occasionally drifting over them. The peaceful sight had been alike since he had been there, and it gave him a bit of security. The moon was there each and every night, either increasing or decreasing in its volume and size. Even though he thought it was stupid, he felt like he had a connection with the moon, knowing that both would be there every night.

Footsteps were heard downstairs, and they alarmed Will. There was nobody walking around downstairs, was there? It was just his imagination and nothing more, was it? Somehow the footsteps reminded him of something, of the psychiatrist Mason used to talk to. Hannibal Lecter, if Will remembered correctly. What was the man doing in the Master's estate at this time?

Careful to not wake his owner, the young man rose and tiptoed down the stairs, his bare feet losing their warmth to the cold tiles. As he sneaked down, a knot started to build in the pit of his stomach; he wasn't allowed to get out of his room at night, and he was as good as certain that he'd be punished if he got caught - but he had to go and see what was going on.

After checking the living room, Will moved on to the kitchen, and there he stood by the kitchen island: Dr. Hannibal Lecter, his hand resting on the knife stand. No doubt that this was an Alpha, judging on the way he stood and moved. As his long fingers traced the knifes, he inspected them, picking one before turning around.

'Aren't you a rude little Omega?' the older man said, a smile curling his lips. 'What would Mason say if I told him that his little Omega was spying on guests?'

'I...I didn't mean to offend you, Dr. Lecter', Will managed to say before stumbling away from the door opening. The fear overtook him. Would this be the end, would his curiosity really lead to such an end? 'Please...' pleaded the young Omega.

Suddenly, something in the man's face changed. It changed from threatening to lustful, and Will knew exactly what the man aiming for. As he turned around, Hannibal called him back. Just breathe in and out, Will told himself after which he turned back to face the music. But instead of asking questions about Will, the psychiatrist started asking questions about Mason who was upstairs, fast asleep. Or so Will had hoped.

'What the hell is going on here?' Mason's voice boomed through the area, his footsteps nearing as he spoke. Tears burned in Will's eyes as he thought of the punishment he expected to receive. his whole back would be caned raw, his ass penetrated and stretched out till it would weep tears of blood.

'Mason, it's me, Hannibal', the older man said, and again - or maybe still his lips where curved up in a smile. Will pleaded in silence that Hannibal would not say a word about him, but of course even a psychiatrist couldn't let the temptation pass. 'And I have your slave boy with me', he added after a short silence.

'Please', Will whispered, unable to clarify his request any further as he realized Mason was only seconds away from him. In fear he closed his eyes tightly, and then it came; his Master's hand on his shoulder, gripping viciously. Mason asked him who gave him permission to get out of bed.

'Nobody gave me permission, Master', Will reluctantly acknowledged, after which he quickly dropped to his knees at mason's feet. 'I just heard there was someone downstairs and I was... worried because...' But it was no use, and Will knew that all too well. it was hopeless: he was going to be caned raw, he would be begging for mercy he knew he would never receive.

'You are such a worthless slut!' Mason hissed angrily, kicking his slave on the shoulder, watching him drop to the floor submissively. As he fell, Will tried to stop his body from tensing, knowing the assault would come anyway. In acceptance, he closed his eyes, waiting for the next blow to hit him, but nothing came. Instead, he heard Mason cry for help. Will opened his eyes, just in time to see Hannibal stab Mason in the guts.

'Don't think I didn't see the façade you were holding up', Hannibal said, standing tall over his former friend and client. 'Come to me Will', Hannibal then said, holding out his hand. 'Come and you will be happy with me, for I can treat you better.'

Broken Before It Could Repair

Chapter Summary

Does Will really get the life he was promised, or was this just some vicious trick? Can Hannibal keep his promise and treat Will like an equal, or is he forced to give in to desire?

Chapter Notes

In my story, an Omega has a vagina and an Alpha has a cock. So basically it works like normal human intercourse.

It took some time for Will's vision to restore itself properly. Was this man - presumably an Alpha - seriously offering his help to an Omega like him? Had Mason lied when he had said that anything could be inflicted on him for nobody would care? Was this other Alpha to be trusted?

'If you go, Omega scum', the dying Alpha threatened. 'If you go, I'll kill you both! I'll feed you to the ones you love!'

'Come with me', the psychiatrist whispered, his hand still out for the Omega to grab. 'Come with me and I'll shower you with unconditional love. Don't you long for a loving partner?'

It was the word 'partner' that did it for Will. With one last glance at his dying owner, he grabbed the other Alpha's hand. As he was pulled into a tight embrace, as he rested his head in the psychiatrist's neck, Mason uttered some more empty threats. But now they didn't matter anymore. The only thing that still mattered was the Alpha offering him a new relationship, a relationship of equals. A relationship of which Mason had said he could only dream of.

They remained locked up in the embrace until everything else fell silent. Mason had died, and now they were alone, save for the other sleeping servants. The younger man chuckled softly when he noticed the contrast between his nude form and his partner's clothed one.

'Let's get you home', Hannibal said, as if able to read minds. 'Let's get you some food, a nice bath and some pretty clothes.' Saying it, he carried his new lover to his Bentley, placing him onto the passenger's seat carefully. And all the while Will smiled, slight drowsiness in his gaze. Of course he is slightly drowsy, Hannibal thought by himself. I bet he hasn't been sleeping for the last few days, nor has he been eating.

During the ride, he caressed the Omega's sleeping form whenever the opportunity would present itself. He didn't care about the wondering gazes from others. It didn't happen that often that someone just drove around an Omega, or at least not one that wasn't tied up in the back seat. But that wouldn't be a way to treat an equal partner, would it?

Once at home, Hannibal carried Will to the huge living room he owned. He placed the young Omega in a luxurious armchair after which he himself sat down in the identical chair standing opposite it. With a smile playing his lips he watched the boy's chest rise and fall. He could've watched this lovely Omega forever, he reckoned. With that in mind, he gathered a white paper and pencils.

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Half an hour had passed since he had started drawing, and now Will started to stir, hand moving from the armrest to his leg.

'Will,' Hannibal whispered, unsure whether or not Will had woken up yet. But when said man opened his eyes, the other smiled. 'Yes, you're awake. Let's get you something to eat, love.'

Careful to not hurt the man's bruised body, Hannibal helped him up and guided him tot he kitchen. Will knew the house pretty well, for he always had to come with Mason, sitting outside the room. He would always wander around, trying to remain silent as the two other men conversate in a nearby room.

'What do you want to eat?' The psychiatrist asked. 'I have it or I can make it.'

The question simply startled the young Omega. He had never been asked for his opinion or desires. It had always been so that Mason decided what was going to happen and that he had to comply. He had always played by Mason's rules, even if they were unclear at times.

'Ehm...' Will simply said. 'I don't know, Dr. Lecter.'

'That's okay', Hannibal responded. 'I'll just make something up. And by the way, you should stop calling me Dr. Lecter. We're equals now. Just call me Hannibal.'

'Oh alright... Hannibal.'

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In silence they had eaten, and now Hannibal led his younger companion to the bathroom. Once there, the Omega sat himself down on the floor. The cold of the tiles sent a shiver up his spine, but the boy seemed to care little about it, if he did at all. Of course, the Alpha now realized. The poor boy has never experienced any better. With a patient smile he helped the boy up and guided him to the bath's rim, setting him onto it.

'Dr. Le - Hannibal', Will protested. 'I don't think...'

'Ssh, love', the Alpha responded as he felt the temperature of the water. 'Is this alright for you?' A nod and smile are granted as answer.

For the half an hour that followed, the psychiatrist bathed his new lover thoroughly but carefully. First he massaged shampoo into the other's hair, said man responded with a soft smile. Yes, that too was new for him. He enjoyed the smell it brought to his hair, even if he couldn't tell what it might be. The massage Hannibal treated his head with is quite pleasurable, he had to admit. So this is how Mason would've felt when Will was on the outside of the tub, instead of bathing in it. With the faucet, the doctor sprayed the shampoo out, making sure nothing remained in those lovely curls. After doing so, he took a bar of matching soap. That he ran over the boy's body. First his arms, followed by his chest, stomach and back. Will had enjoyed this treatment very much. But when Hannibal made effort to wash between his legs, he pushed them together. This reluctance didn't last long, however. He knew he could trust the other man. So why not.

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Another half an hour had passed and Hannibal was now getting ready to go to bed. He put on a pajama top and no pajama bottoms. He didn't deem them necessary. Will watched him closely as he did so from his spot on the floor. Hannibal hadn't told him to settle down there; he just did out of instinct. Whenever he slept in Mason's bedroom, he was to settle down beside the bed and remain quiet. He could look wherever he wanted - out the window, through the door opening or at the bed - as long as he didn't utter a word.

'What are you doing there on the floor?' Hannibal asked, patting the bed beside himself. 'We are partners, remember? One partner doesn't let the other sleep on the floor. Come here and lie next to me.'

If it were any other, Will would've felt heavy dread to lying down on the same bed, but he trusted Hannibal. Would someone really go out of their way to care for someone they were going to abuse? Something within him told him that he was being too naïve, but he decided to take his chances with Hannibal. Things could never get worse than they had been with Mason.

Will got up and settled down next to Hannibal, smiling nervously at the older man. But the other didn't seem bothered at all. He placed his arms around Will like a woman would her beloved husband.

'I have waited for so long to have you in my arms...' he whispered. 'I have loved you since the moment I saw you. I know that it sounds strange, but I really think we can be happy together.'

It actually sounded strange. Did a respected psychiatrist just profess his love for a simple Omega? He just couldn't believe it. Careful to not alarm Hannibal, Will pinched his arm several times. He then bit his lip hard, but nothing happened. His final trick was to shake his left hand. Nothing happened: he was really in bed with one of the most respected Alpha's in all of Baltimore. And this respected Alpha loved him. He went out of his way to make the Omega happy.

Had he ended up in some kind of alternate universe where Alpha's served Omega's? He couldn't think of any other explanation for the situation he found himself in. But he didn't want to go back: he was more happy than he had ever been before.

But he was quickly torn away from the happy cloud he was floating on. A hand sneaked down to his crotch. Hannibal's fingers quickly found his clit. But it didn't matter to Will. He decided that this was just a sacrifice he had to make to be happy with an Alpha. He was sure that Hannibal didn't mean to hurt him, and that this was just a side-effect of his natural instincts. He felt Hannibal's large cock and moaned softly. He couldn't remember being this horny ever before. He didn't remember ever enjoying the sex, even if it was only because he never had a choice.

'May I?' Hannibal asked.

For a moment, Will considered. He actually wanted this more than he had ever wanted any other, but he thought it unwise to offer his body to this Alpha immediately. And thus he decided to say no for once.

'I can't', he said. 'I am not ready to offer my body to another. But someday I will. We just need to be patient.'

'Patient?' Hannibal echoed, and he sounded just like Mason before having a temper tantrum. Will closed his eyes, awaiting the first blow. Perhaps Hannibal would shove him out of the bed and kick him out, or maybe he would disgrace him by framing him for Mason's murder.

He did none of that. He just moved to lie down upon Will.

'I have payed for this', he hissed. 'I have payed to have you.'

'Payed for me? You decided to break in into Mason's house and to kill him. If you didn't want me, then you shouldn't have taken me with you. You could've left me there to rot, but you decided not to.' Saying Mason's name as if it were an old acquaintance sounded weird and unnatural, but he was not going to call the man "Master" anymore.

'I did pay for you: I went through all kinds of trouble to get you here.' Then, Hannibal claimed Will's mouth with his own. And there was nothing the latter could do about it.

Hannibal took his cock out and shoved it unceremoniously into Will's vagina. Will screamed in pain as he hadn't been prepared in any way. Hannibal moaned into Will's ear and it caused Will to let his guard down. If this Alpha wanted to fuck him, he was going to do so anyway, no matter what. He was helpless, unable to stop the other. He might as well try to enjoy it.

He closed his eyes and pretended to be with his crush Matthew Brown. He would oftentimes come along when Frederick Chilton visited Verger Mansion. The boy was kind and he actually cared about the lives of Omega's despite him being an Alpha. It made him very attractive. Will actually made escape plans just to see Matthew again, but he knew that Matthew would just return him to Mason, even if he really cared about the young Omega.

A jolt of pleasure rushed through him when Hannibal started to rub his clit. Something in him love this, and the other part of him hated it. He didn't want to enjoy being raped, because, after all, this was still rape. Will didn't give his consent for this. He didn't remember giving Mason consent. Ever.

But at least he didn't hate this as much as he did with Mason. He was able to find pleasure in this.

Aftermath

Chapter Summary

They both need to process what happened.

Chapter Notes

I read a comment that someone was disappointed in Hannibal's behavior, and I get that. But to be honest: I lost the original ending (I write the chapters on paper before typing them). For some reason I decided to change it to this. I honestly intended to make Hannibal keep his promise of a better life, but I just couldn't. Desire makes people do things they wouldn't do in any other situation.

The soft mattress beneath him was a pleasant surprise at first, and Will delighted in it, until he remembered how he got there and what happened in that very bed.

Hannibal was still beside him. The psychiatrist appeared to be asleep. His vital signs confirmed a state of unconsciousness. Not that Will actually cared: he would've gotten out of bed anyway at this point. He felt dirty and he felt the need to wash this Alpha's scent off of himself.

For showering, he decided he wouldn't ask permission, partially because he didn't want to talk to his violator, and partially because they were to be partners now.

Will didn't need to undress for he was still naked. He gathered a soft, large towel, a loofa, shampoo and regular soap, then he got into the shower. The warm beans comforted him and they helped him relax. He actually forgot where he was during the ritual of washing himself, but the second he turned off the water, he was reminded of his surroundings. He was brought back to reality mercilessly but the voice of a now too familiar man.

'Will?' Hannibal called out. 'What do you want for breakfast?'

'I'm not hungry', Will called back as he carefully stepped out of the shower. The fluffy mat felt good beneath his feet and for once he didn't worry about messing up the pretty place. It was his as well. He could do whatever he wanted, he reminded himself.

'You have to eat', the older man replied from what sounded like the bedroom. Seconds later, he opened the bedroom door. He was wearing a three-piece suit as usual. With a smile he

grabbed his hairbrush and started to fashion his hair like he usually did, ignoring the surprised look he got from Will.

'How can you be so calm around me, knowing what you have done?' Will made a dismissive gesture when Hannibal held the hairbrush out to him. He didn't want anything to do with this man, nor with his property. He didn't even want to be in this house anymore. 'How can you look me in the eye?' he asked.

'I intended to discuss the matter over a cup of tea and some scrambled eggs, but if you wish to discuss it now, we can.' Hannibal didn't like this at all, but he decided that he would tolerate this informalities just to keep Will. Despite himself, he actually cared about the boy and he wanted to have him.

'I have nothing to say', Will replied calmly. 'You are the one that has some explaining to do. Were you planning to rape me? If so, for how long? Do you love me the way you say you do? Do you desire for us to be equal? Do you want me to be happy?'

For a moment, Hannibal remained silent. He didn't know how to answer those questions. He could lie, of course. But he felt that he couldn't fool Will forever. Eventually, he had to be honest. He had to do it now, pull the band-aid off at once.

'I actually felt that you were my true mate ever since I first saw you, ten years ago, but I never intended to rape you. Not until I saw you in bed beside me. I tried to stop myself but desire got the better of me and it forced me to feel more arousal than I could bear. I had to have you right there, right then. I do love you, and I hope that you know. I understand if you don't believe me, especially after last night, but please know that I would never lie to you if I could help it, solely because I don't want to hurt you.

'How can I believe you?' Everything in him shouted to believe Hannibal, but he couldn't bring himself to. The psychiatrist had promised to treat the Omega as an equal, but you don't force things upon an equal. Especially no sex. This was meant to fulfill his own pleasures, even if he didn't mean to hurt Will.

'Please do', Hannibal whispered. 'I know that I have failed you, but I need you to give me another chance. How can we be happy if we can't trust each other?'

Every bit of forgiveness left Will the second he heard those words. That last line sounded as if he had betrayed Hannibal, while Hannibal was the one who forced himself upon the other. He decided not to comment. He didn't want any unnecessary conflict. He was used to being a sexdoll, after all.

Without a word, Will walked past Hannibal to their bedroom. He didn't want tot talk right now. He had to process it in private.

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Several hours passed before Hannibal came to knock on the bedroom door. He didn't speak for he knew it to be both unnecessary and unhelpful. He just stood outside of the bedroom and waited for the door to be answered.

Will didn't move from the bed. He merely called out for Hannibal to leave. No talking, not now.

Hannibal waited for another ten minutes, then knocked again. When this call remained unanswered as well, he sat down, back against the door.

'I'm not leaving this door until you talk to me, Will', he announced.

'Then you'll have a long wait', Will replied. 'I'm not talking to you.' His stomach grumbled to remind Will that he hadn't eaten for too long, but the young Omega remained exactly where he was. Eventually, he even fell asleep.

Only to wake up with Hannibal looming over him. The man had been gazing at him for a long time, or so Will believed. It had began to darken outside, he noticed immediately. He needed food desperately, but he didn't go get some food, as the common sense within him strongly advised him to. He was not going to give in.

'What am I to do to make it up to you?' Hannibal asked, eyes betraying his tiredness. 'I told you that I am sorry and that it were the animalistic instincts determining my behavior rather than the wisdom I usually live by. What more is there to say?'

'You are a psychiatrist', Will reminded the other man. 'You know exactly what to say to make yourself look good, and in this case even victim-like, but I don't fall for those kind of tricks. I know exactly what it is that Alpha's want more than anything else in this world: sex. You are no different, despite the sophisticated way you like to present yourself to the outer world. You are an animal, just like every other person on this earth.'

'I will not deny that I am an animal, just like any other Alpha, but I would like to argue your point of me being a psychiatrist and thus manipulative.' Hannibal sat down on the edge of the bed.

'Is there any other word that fits what you have done to me?' Will snapped, suddenly furious. 'You took me here, promising me a life I thought I could only dream of. You told me we would be equal. You told me that we would be partners. Yet here you are, trying to pick up the broken pieces of my trust by using every excuse in the book about you being an Alpha with unrestrainable passion and instinct.'

'But it is true. I am an Alpha, and I have my instinct.' Only then, Hannibal realized that he had made a terrible mistake. This was exactly why Will was angry with him: he thought that he could do whatever he wanted solely because he was an Alpha. In his entire life, nobody had ever denied him a single thing, either because he was respected, or because he was an Alpha. He was brought up to the idea that Alpha's were infinitely superior to Omega's and that the fate of an Omega was always to serve an Alpha. He thought that he had stooped low by taking another Alpha's property and to claim it as were it his. He had honestly believed that he would be able to curb his desires long enough to create a bond between himself and his Omega, but he too gave in to animalistic desire.

'Look', Will said after a long, awkward silence. 'I know you never meant to damage my trust, but...'

'Let me prove to you that I am trustworthy', Hannibal interrupted, going on one knee. He had never done this before anyone, let alone an Omega, but he was willing to do anything for this man,

'Trust is like a mirror: you can fix it if it's broken, but you'll always see that it was once damaged.' Will got up and walked out of the bedroom. He didn't want to deal with this now. He needed more time to process the things that had happened in the last two days. And some food.

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Will remembered falling asleep in an armchair, but somehow he found himself in bed when he woke up. He immediately knew it had been Hannibal. The man actually had the guts to lie down beside Will after everything they had gone through in the past week. The older man was staring at Will the way an animal looks at his prey.

Whatever. Will couldn't bring himself to care.

It was a week since Mason's death, and the young Omega wanted nothing more than to go back to the tyrannical bastard. Anything was better than the situation in which he was stuck now. Mason tortured him because he felt genuine hate whenever he saw the young boy, but Hannibal torured him out of lust and - if the man was to be believed - love. Hannibal would never refer to the strange treatment as torture, but he knew all too well that their relationship was unhealthy in every way. In the week that followed upon the rape, he hadn't put a finger on Will, but he knew that he wouldn't be able to keep up this facade much longer. Sooner or later he would lapse back into bad habits: taking what he wanted even if it was to be over someone else's back.

This morning, Hannibal was the one to get up for a shower. He needed to get himself cleaned up for the appointments he had for the day. He was to meet with Frederick Chilton to discuss a patient - not Wil - and he needed to visit Bedelia to tell her of his own struggles to keep his hands off of Will. She was the only one who understood. She had been madly in love with Hannibal once. Hannibal was actually interested in her, and in his head, he even had plans to make her his. But then it turned out that she was an Alpha herself. Not that there was anything against two Alpha's dating, but Hannibal desired offspring, and she couldn't provide that.

When he passed the bedroom one last time on his way downstairs, Hannibal couldn't help but glance at Will. The man had remained motionless on the bed ever since Hannibal had gotten out.

Perhaps it was never going to be resolved. Then all of the effort he had done... He pushed the thought away. It would work out in the end.

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